

He didn't want this

by LatvianFoxCupcake

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Summary: He didn't want this. He would never want this. What happened right in front of his eyes was something he would have never wanted to happen. {Kageyama Tobio x Hinata Shouyou} [Song: Hirari Hirari]

He didn't want this

Like a flower floating endlessly on

Will you grip those shreds, never let go

Holding tightly tightly in between your hands

Please never let them go

He didn't want this. He would never want this. What happened right in front of his eyes was something he would have never wanted to happen. Why did this happen? Why did an innocent game of volleyball have to end like this? If he hand't fallen. If he hand't hit the ball so hard. If he hand't been so naive, maybe he would't have fallen down that hill into traffic. All Kageyama could was watch as Hinata tumbled down that hill. All Kageyama could do was watch as that truck hit Hinata. All he heard was the screams of people and the screeching of cars. All he heard was the sirens of an ambulance. so much blood. He watched from that hill as the gingers mangled body was lifted onto the strecher, as he disappeared into that ambulance. He didn't want this.

Fainting from the weight of words that poured down on me

I could bear their pain no more

Turning from your face and into dreams so pure that I could cry

****T***hen I wake to see that you had long been gone****

It's been a whole month since the incident. It's been month since he saw Hinata being brought out from the operation room. The doctors had told Hinatas parents and Kageyama that he barely survived, but there is only the smallest chance of the ginger waking up. He couldn't keep listening, he needed to get away from there, clear his mind. It's been a whole month since Kageyama stopped going to practice. He couldn't even look at a volleyball, it just made him remember the whole scene. How that truck hit Hinata, how much blood splattered on the ground, how Hinatas bones cracked so loudly. It just made him sick. He cried every night for a week or so, wanting to turn back time, so he could stop himself, stop himself from that dreaded toss. Kageyama couldn't sleep as well. He kept getting nightmares over and over again. All he could do was hope that Hinata would awaken one day. To one day hear him yell "Kageyama!" like he used to. He would sometimes laugh at himself for not knowing how a delicate flower like Hinata could just one day break and flutter away. He would have been happier if it was him getting hit by that fucking truck.

****Keep these thoughts as the sun sinks to set on all our
skies****

****Tie this small memory of a love undone by lies****

****Valleys deep carved by that sweet embrace into my heart Oh

****Fluttering Fluttering On and On****

****Cross the sea beyond skies that we said we'd never seem****

****To forget and give - you - all these shreds of a lover's sad
sunset****

****Beauty lives in these bits floating far away to you
Oh****

****Fluttering And Fluttering So Far****

It's been a year. A year of grief and waiting, waiting for someone to tell him Hinata has woken up. Sadly, he's still waiting. Waiting and waiting. The volleyball team has tried to get him back on his feet, but to no avail. Kageyama has become a shut in, occasionally going to school, occasionally going over to the hospital to see Hinata. Hinata. He just lies there, with all those wires and tubes, not moving, just breathing. The raven haired boy has become such a shut in, that he was sent to a therapist by his parents, prescribed anti depressants, but nothing worked. He just couldn't get back on his feet. It was during this year, that Kageyama realised something. He wasn't hoping for his friend to wake up. He was hoping for his first love to wake up. During this year, during this one year, he acknowledged his feelings for the ginger, and that's what made him fall deeper in his despair.

****And someday, breezing by on a whim, you'll look this way ****

****Call to mind one small bud and behold it's sweet fleeting
decay****

****In a flash all these memories will go someday soon****

****Fluttering Fluttering On and On****

He ran. He ran as fast as he could. He couldn't believe what he had heard on the phone. He needed to see for himself. He needed to see that Hinata was awake. He rushed through the hordes of people, breathing heavy from all the physical strain of not doing anything for a year. He didn't notice the small tears that dropped from his eyes. He didn't know what to think, but he knew he needed to see him. After a long and painful run, he had made it to the white building. He quickly walked through the white hallways, looking for the smaller boys room. The sight of Hinatas parents reassured him he had made it to his room. Quickly walking past the gingers parents and into the hospital room, he saw their faces. Both relief and sadness on their faces. He didn't care, he just wanted to see him. He stormed into the room, hearing a slight yelp from the smaller, but older boy, before wrapping his arms around him, careful not to hurt him. He was there. Alive and awake. "Hinataâ€|Hinataâ€|" the black haired boy repeated as he cried into the gingers shoulder. "I'm so gladâ€|so glad you're awake, dumbassâ€|" he said, not meaning the insult that was said. "Umm, excuse me, butâ€|Who are you?"

****Steal my heart knowing all of the time you always held ****

****Close to you know this piece of a love will fly and ring out again****

****Sweeping soft like the whispers as you see nobody****

****Fluttering And Fluttering So Far****

End
file.